

Overcoming Sorrow

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Summary: [HTTYD 2 spoilers] Grieving can be a long, arduous process. But with the comfort of a friend, anything is possible. One-Shot between Hiccup and Toothless. Set directly after the events of HTTYD 2.

1. Chapter 1

****Disclaimer:** I do not own "How to Train Your Dragon."**

****A/N:** Hi, all, just wanted to give a quick little one-shot about Hiccup ****coping with the death of his father. Hope you enjoy!**

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><p>They say that with every end, there is a new beginning. They just never said that that beginning is always harder to find.<p>

My fatherâ€| a great man, a chief, a people person, a warrior, but overallâ€| a father. I always thought that he'd be around forever. How could a man that strong ever die? â€|But he did.

Hiccup stood on the edge of a peak, overlooking the setting sun. It glinted in his grieving orbs. _He always loved duskâ€|_ he thought. He shook his head in remorse, "He's sailed off on the burning ship forever." He felt his eyes sting and quickly shut them. He would not cry, he had to be strong, for he was the Chief now. But how could he? Deep inside he felt like a frightened child, still shielded by his father, the man who would do anything to protect himâ€| even sacrifice himself. He felt the pain return, "Come on, just go away!" he yelled, forcing the tears back again in a hoarse voice.

Toothless, who was busy eating nearby, heard his shout and thought it was directed to him. He cautiously approached the Viking with big round eyes thinking Hiccup was angry with him again. He cooed in a

sad, confused tone. Hiccup turned to look at him, but couldn't find the words to speak, so he smiled sadly instead.

The dragon softly brushed his head against his shoulder. The attempt at comforting, only made his heart ache more, he clenched his teeth tight to refrain from crying. He opened his mouth to speak, but all that came out was a choked sob.

The Night Fury recoiled, thinking that he was hurting his rider, and analyzed him carefully. Hiccup growled inwardly. _I'm so weak I can't even speak!_ He angrily slammed the dirt. _This is why he died! I'm too weak, I'm always too weak! That's why I'm a Hiccup!_

Toothless watched his entire display in concern, letting out small questioning barks which Hiccup ignored. He was too angry with himself to focus on anything else. _I'm always in the wrong place at the wrong time!_ Maybe it would have been better if I was hit by that plasma blast instead. His expression softened up a bit, this time fading into regret. He let out a small whisper of a voice, "If only I hadn't been so stupid as to think I made a difference. I thought I could have changed his mind. If only I'd listened to my father, maybe he'd still be here with me." His face fell again, his hands trembling in sorrow as his pain-filled eyes caught Toothless's, "I'm sorry, bud." He said, voice wavering. Despite the weird display, Toothless knew just by that glance, that Hiccup needed him, needed his comfort, whether he wanted it or not. So standing up, Toothless approached him and put his tail around him and sat tall beside him.

Hiccup did not as much as look at him, but could feel the Night Fury's gaze on his back. He closed his eyes willingly; feeling the final rays of the sun grace his face.

Toothless did not understand why his rider was so upset with him and why he was ignoring his offerings of comfort. He began to grow fearful. Maybe he was not wanted anymore. Maybe he has hurt him in some way that he cannot be forgiven. He didn't care though, despite all the possible hatred his rider had for him at the moment, he would not leave him. He would never leave him no matter what happened. He would die before he let anyone hurt Hiccup.

He felt the warmth of the dragon's side, felt the comforting presence, sniffed. _No, no, don't cry, don't cry!_ He then was overcome by the memory of his father comforting him one day when he had been upset about his mother being dead. He remembered the reassuring smile on the bearded face, the large comforting hand that touched his forehead and most of all the heartfelt tone in his voice that assured him everything was going to be all right. He then looked up as the dragon's face drew near his, letting out a small, concerned whimper as his sympathetic eyes watched him.

He closed his eyes again, realizing that Toothless cared for him as much as his father had. Slowly, he reached for the dragon's face, then wrapped his arms around his head when it was low enough. The dragon cooed and nuzzled into the hug, but retracted as he felt wetness flow down his head. He then looked at the rider, eyes red and tears streaming down his cheeks. His chest rose and fell sharply in quick breaths and every so often he would sniff forcefully.

Toothless turned his head at the sight, slowly bringing his face to the sobbing Viking's. He sniffed and licked the tears from his cheek, feeling helpless in aiding his friend. He wanted to just tackle him to the ground and lick his face in the playful way he always would when they were having fun. Just anything to bring happiness to him.

Then, in a sudden motion, Hiccup jumped at the dragon and threw his arms around his large neck. And breaking his last restraint, he cried openly on the dragon. Normally Toothless would be alarmed by this, but the way his rider held him, the way he buried his face into his neck, and the way he was openly crying, told him that he was not angry with him, but he was grieving—"grieving the loss of his father.

The revelation eased the dragon's mind and he looked down at his rider holding him tightly, knowing that he had to comfort his friend in order to make him feel better. And so he did. He closed his eyes and lowered his head onto Hiccup's shoulder, wrapping his own arms around him.

Hiccup felt the loving embrace and held the cooing dragon tightly. He smiled as the tears flowed down, understanding why his father had loved Toothless so much. _You're not gone forever dad, _he thought, _A part of you will always live on in Toothless_|_

2. Toothless' Perspective

****Disclaimer: I do not own "How to Train Your Dragon."****

****A/N: Hope this is all right, it wasn't too easy for me, but please let me know.****

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><p>(Toothless' Perspective)

"Come on, just go away!"

What? He's sitting. Why is He mad at me? I love him and He tells me to go away, just like when I tried to wake his father—I won't leave Him; I won't leave my Other Half!

I approach Him slowly, He smells like fear! _Why are you scared?_ I ask him. He looks so sad that it makes me sad. But I see His happiness show through, but I can't smell it.

I love you, friend, and I will keep you safe! I plead as I put my head on Him. But I feel Him go tight, then He makes a terrible noise! It scares me and I quickly move away. "_I'm sorry; I didn't mean to hurt you!_" I look for the pain on Him, but it's not there.

I see Him hit the ground with His hand. Now He smells angry. "_Hiccup! What's wrong? I want to help you!_" I yell, but He can't hear me. So I yell louder. But He still can't hear me. And now, He's talking to himself; He sounds angry. My human is strange, but I still love Him more than anything!

Now He's looking at me and there's hurt in His eyes and He's

shaking.

"I'm sorry, bud." He says. There's something wrong with His voice.

"_Oh, no, please don't be sad!_" I yell. He's not angry anymore, but now he smells like fear and loneliness and I just want to hold him tightly. "_You're not alone! I'm here for you, friend!_"

He looks so alone that my chest hurts and I stand up and go next to Him. I sit and put my tail around Him to protect Him. I'm much taller than Him now, but I can scare away the things that scare Him this way. I am strong and I will keep my friend safe.

I sit there for awhile, but I watch Him to make sure He won't be taken away. He's not looking at me, I think He's hates me, but I don't know why. He wouldn't let me touch his father then, but He never cared before? He did smell weird, thoughâ€like nothing. And the way he apologized and told me it wasn't my fault, I would never hurt himâ€| but how could I hurt his father? I love his father and I'm sad because I don't see him anymore. Maybe I made him go awayâ€| I don't care if He hates me; I will stay with Him and keep Him safe! I will die for my Hiccup before I let anything Him!

Now I hear Him sniff, His sadness smells very strong. "_No, no,_" I try to tell him, while my chest hurts at Him, "_please don't be sad, I'm doing everything I can do!_" I get close to His face and see his sadness, "_Please, I want you to be happy. I love you!_" I feel sadder than I ever have. I think He's sad about His father leavingâ€| This makes me very sad. "_Please let me help you, Hiccup!_" I plead, looking at Him ignoring me.

But He's looking at me now. And I see His hands reaching out to me. This makes me feel much better and I lower my head so He can reach. I feel His warm body wrap around my head. I'm happy.

Now I feel water on my head and I pull away, far away. My heart hurts again when I see the water falling from His eyes. And they're red. "_Did I hurt you? I'm sorry I don't want to hurt you!_" I just want to give you a kiss and heal you!_"

Then I see Him run at me. He's going to attack me? Well if it makes Him feel betterâ€| But Then I don't feel the pain, but His arms around me tightly and His face in my neck. And I feel the water falling down my body, more now than before. He smells odd now, not lonely or angry or sad, but happy.

He's not mad at me anymore. He loves me againâ€| and I love Him. I smile at His warmth and grab Him in my arms and hold Him tightly. "_I'm always here for you, Hiccupâ€| you are my best friend and will always be. I promise._"

End
file.